

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.  
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 110

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—HURRY DUFFY.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near Broadway.—PRO FROG.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street.—DAVID GARIBOLDI.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third and Eighth streets.—UNDER THE GALLOWS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth street.—ANNA M. POORE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, Broadway and 30th street.—THE NEW HIBERNIAN.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—A CAPITAL COMEDY.—THE SAT LOOT.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 614 Broadway.—DRAMA, BURLESQUE AND OILIO.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE, 34th st., near 2d av.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 725 and 730 Broadway.—DIVORCE.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth street.—BROODER FROM SING SING. Attention and evening.

ATHENIUM, 255 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

NIRLO'S GARDEN, Broadway between Prince and Bleecker st.—WILSON MAY IN THE RIGHT PLACE, &c.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—DAVID GARIBOLDI.—FACONATA.

RYAN'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner 3d av.—NORNO MINISTERS, &c.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

QUINTUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, April 20, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

OUR INDIAN POLICY! ITS MISTAKES AND ITS LESSONS.—LEADING EDITORIAL ARTICLE.—TENTH PAGE.

THE MODOC FLIGHT! WIDESPREAD ALARM AND INTENSE INDIGNATION AT THE ABOMINABLE MISMANAGEMENT OF THE "PEACE" POLICY MEN AND THE MILITARY! A GENERAL WAR FEARED! GILLEM REINFORCED AND HUNTING FOR CAPTAIN JACK'S MISCREANTS! GENERAL SHERMAN ON THE MATTER! THE KIOUAS AND COMANCHES DIGGING UP THE WAR HATCHETS.—ELEVENTH PAGE.

NINE TRAVELLERS KILLED, THIRTY WOUNDED AND MANY MORE MISSING! A PASSENGER TRAIN RUSHES INTO THE CHASM CAUSED BY A BRIDGE BEING CARRIED AWAY! THE WRECK SPEEDILY WRAPPED IN FLAMES! HEROISM OF THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN! LISTS OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.—SEVENTH PAGE.

FOUR PERSONS BUTCHERED ON THE MORRIS AND ESSEX AND JERSEY CENTRAL RAILROADS.—SEVENTH PAGE.

REPORTED DEFEAT OF THE CUBANS UNDER CALIXTO GARCIA! THE SPANISH STATEMENTS OF THE LOSSES.—ELEVENTH PAGE.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN SAN SALVADOR! A LOSS OF FIFTY LIVES AND \$5,000,000 IN PROPERTY! IMMINENT PERIL FROM FIRE.—SEVENTH PAGE.

RUMOR FROM CANADA OF THE DEATH OF THE POPE! THE MATTER SAID TO BE KEPT SECRET TO AVOID PUBLIC AGITATION.—TENTH PAGE.

SERIOUS ALLEGATIONS OF KNAVERY AND INCAPACITY AGAINST THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS TO THE VIENNA EXPOSITION! WHAT WAS PAID FOR THE "HONOR!" DOES CHOLERA PREVAIL!—SEVENTH PAGE.

THIS MANAGEMENT! MESSRS. SHERMAN, GOODRICH, JUDGE DOWLING AND SUPERINTENDENT KELSO ON THE WITNESS STAND! LIGHT THROWN UPON SOME DARK TRANSACTIONS.—EIGHTH PAGE.

MONEY COMPARATIVELY EASY! STOCKS BOYANT! GOVERNMENT BONDS AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE STILL FURTHER ADVANCED! GOLD HEAVY! THE BANK RESERVE A MILLION BETTER.—NINTH PAGE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES! DETAILS OF THE FINE EVENTS ON THE FOURTH AND FIFTH DAYS OF THE MEETING.—MARITIME INTELLIGENCE.—FOURTEENTH PAGE.

PANAMA'S POLITICAL TURMOIL! BOTH SIDES WORKING VI ET ARMIS—MISCELLANEOUS TELEGRAMS.—SEVENTH PAGE.

THE RELIGIOUS PAGE! PASTORS AND SUBJECTS FOR TO-DAY! PURGATORY, SCPTICISM, SIN AND POLITICS THE SALIENT POINTS TREATED OF BY CORRESPONDENTS! DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.—SIXTH PAGE.

CLIMBES OF MURDERERS' ROW! JAMES C. KING WAVERING BETWEEN DEATH AND THE HANGMAN! JOHN SCANNELL PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE AND WOULD RATHER BE HANGED THAN IMPRISONED.—EIGHTH PAGE.

REAL ESTATE VALUES AND MOVEMENTS IN AND NEAR THE EMPIRE CITY! THE QUESTIONS OF ANNEXATION AND QUICK TRANSIT.—FIFTEENTH PAGE.

GOVERNOR DIX, MAYOR HAYMEYER AND THE NEW CHARTER—LOCAL AND MUNICIPAL ITEMS.—NINTH PAGE.

EIGHT-HOUR ENFORCEMENT AGITATED BY THE WORKMEN—AN INQUIRY INTO AFFAIRS AT QUARANTINE—A SAD CASE.—EIGHTH PAGE.

THE WEEK IN WALL STREET goes into history for the periodical panic at the Stock Exchange—an occurrence not often known at this season of the year. But then the snow blockade and the severe winter put everything back three or four months, and the tumble in stocks, which usually happens in winter, was delayed with everything else. The more gratifying outcome of the week is the decided relaxation in money, which was greatly easier after the panic, and loaned as low as 5 to 6 per cent in some transactions. Gold has held its firmness pretty well, however, but left off a little under 118.

THE WAR IN CUBA.—The telegram from Havana, which we publish to-day, under date of the 17th instant, gives assurance that the colonial war against the authority of Spain is far from ended. Official despatches informed the government in Havana of the occurrence of a severe battle between the insurgent forces, under command of Calixto Garcia, and the troops of the Republic on the 15th instant. General Biquelme reported that twenty-one insurgents and four Spaniards were killed and thirteen Spaniards wounded. The number of insurgents killed, if it is stated correctly, indicates that there must have been a good many rebels present in the fight.

Our Indian Policy—Its Mistakes and Its Lessons.

Singularly enough, we have had no adequate explanation of the escape of the Modocs. After three days of sharp fighting General Gillem found he had no enemy within the Gordon he had drawn around Captain Jack's cave. His lines had not been broken, and yet the foe was gone. From this it is plain that a grave blunder was committed, and it seems probable that the blunder was made after the fighting began. When was it, then, that the mistake was made? This question is now asked all over the country, and the only reasonable answer, apparently, that suggests itself is, "Immediately before or immediately after—most probably after—the massacre of General Canby and Mr. Thomas." When the whole truth comes to be known it will, we think, be discovered that Captain Jack removed not only the squaws and papposes, but the greater part of his band, from the lava beds before the fighting began at all, and that the Indians with whom General Gillem fought were only sufficient in number to keep up a show of resistance. In the one case the blame will rest upon the administration for forcing its pet peace policy upon General Canby; in the other, General Gillem's delay after the massacre will be the cause. And in all this we see additional reason why General Sheridan should have been entrusted with the settlement of the Modoc troubles. Sheridan's fame to a great extent rests upon his celerity in action. To the want of this quality in General Gillem is the escape of Captain Jack to be attributed, in all probability. In Indian warfare a delay of six hours may be more disastrous than a delay of a week in ordinary war. General Gillem should have attacked the savages immediately after the massacre, not allowing the Modocs an hour in which to escape. Failing to do this he failed altogether, and the whole country is mortified by what is practically his defeat. Taking advantage of his slowness, Captain Jack outwitted him, and may even now be planning fresh depredations far distant from the lava beds.

Apparently another mistake was made in not using the cavalry to watch the Indians outside of the lava beds, so as to intercept them if they endeavored to escape to the mountains. The fires, into which shells were thrown by General Gillem's orders, were evidently intended as a blind to occupy the attention of the troops while the remaining warriors were preparing to escape. A few men left behind to delay the advance of the troops, knowing the country as well as it was known to these Indians, could readily get away while the howitzers were playing upon an imaginary camp. Cavalry between the lava beds and the mountains might have prevented the escape of the savage band, or of such part of it as was yet in the neighborhood of Captain Jack's cave when the fighting began. At least the trail of the Indians might have been preserved and followed and the fleeing savages pursued and slaughtered.

In a few days we shall understand the whole matter; but in the meantime the necessity of adopting some better method of dealing with the Indians generally must not be overlooked. We have already pointed out the fact that both the peace policy of the administration and the older system of gathering the Indians on reservations had failed. The army has been trying to teach this for months, but the humanitarian view has prevailed in spite of facts and arguments which show that there can be no peace with the savages either on the Pacific coast or in Arizona. There could be no better authority on this subject than General Sherman, and from his letter, which we print to-day, it will be seen that he is unreserved in his expressions of opinion upon our Indian policy. This letter is one of the most logical essays ever written on the Indian question. It is so full of "meat" that any attempt to recapitulate it would only weaken its force, and so we commend it to our readers, merely premising that it is a most remarkable document, proving conclusively that the War Department and the army can best manage Indian affairs, and upsetting all the theories of peace commissioners and humanitarian philosophers. Perhaps the strongest thing in General Sherman's letter is his reference to Santa. After recapitulating the complaints of the Texas people against the treaty Indians, and especially against Santa, and declaring at the same time that he would not believe the stories that were told him till he went to see for himself, he says, "Now I am told that Santa is to be turned loose again, although I believe he has committed fifty murders and has notoriously violated every promise hitherto made." In itself this is a prompt condemnation of the peace policy and the reservation system, which are effective only in protecting Indian murderers and marauders.

We print, besides, a very important communication from a gentleman in Washington thoroughly acquainted with the Indian tribes on the Pacific slope, from which it is plain that something more potent than the mere desire for revenge prompted the recent murder of General Canby by Captain Jack and his band. The Indians west of the mountains have a prophecy, which has become a religion with them, that the day of their deliverance is near at hand. A grand crusade against the whites is one of the doctrines of this new belief under a deliverer who is to come from no one knows where. The tribes that are dead are expected to come to life again and assist in this grand work of the recovery of the Continent. It is easy enough to laugh at their notions as the foolish dreams of the Indians, but it would be much wiser to prepare for an emergency which may come when it is least expected as the result of these foolish prophecies. Twenty thousand warriors encouraged by a religious fanaticism are in themselves dangerous to the settlers in California, Oregon and the adjacent States and Territories. Captain Jack's war may be only the beginning of a series of atrocities unequalled in the history of frontier warfare. The massacres of 1863 must not be repeated in 1873, and the government is bound to care for the settlers of the Pacific coast, even though the warning be only of the kind indicated in the communication to the HERALD this morning.

The possibility of an event of this kind shows the necessity of some more effective method of dealing with the savages. The Indians on the Pacific slope from whom the greatest danger is to be anticipated are those

on the reservations. The narrowness of their limits galls the red man, accustomed as he was to having a whole continent to himself. He is accordingly ready for an outbreak upon the first opportunity. It is scarcely to be hoped that it will ever be different while the tribal relations of the Indians are maintained. The duty, then, forces itself more sternly upon us than ever to provide against the murderous outbreaks of the savage by adopting the combined policy of separation and extermination. Putting the natives upon reservations is to keep them ready to assist the savage bands from the mountains and beyond the outposts of civilization whenever the latter choose to go upon the warpath. If the truth in regard to our Indian policy were fully told it would appear that more murders have been committed in the last few years by Indians from the reservations than by savages who have never consented to treaty stipulations. Look at the matter from whatever side we may, it is plain that not only the peace policy of this administration, but the system of tribal reservations, is a failure.

All that remains, then, is to kill the Indians in war and to separate them in peace. In either case it is extermination, but in no event can it be anything else, since it is impossible to preserve what yet exists of the native race with safety to the whites. Not being able to civilize them in any other way, we must utilize them. The English in India have been very successful in using the natives in their own behalf, many of the best soldiers in the British service being taken from the very classes against which they are used. The same thing was done by General Gillem, though in a different way, against Captain Jack's band. The Indians may be utilized as soldiers, and if they are to be fed there is no reason why they should not be required to work. In a hundred ways the savages might be kept from doing harm by being given some useful employment. In the construction of great public works, on which, in the West, labor is always needed, they would be found very useful. With General Sheridan managing our Indian relations upon the stern principles of a war of extermination, when the savages are at war, and directing the breaking up and scattering of tribes at all times, the record of a massacre like that in which General Canby lost his life would contain fewer heartrending stories, and the grand result would be that the whole question would soon be settled. In a few years the Indians, as a separate people, would have ceased to exist, and in a few years more the race would be unknown except in history. It must come to this in the end, and the sooner it is consummated the better it will be for the teeming and industrious population which has taken the place of the savage in the great land which Columbus discovered.

Another Herald Quintuple.

We present the public to-day with a HERALD of one hundred and twenty columns. Of these eighty-three are advertisements, leaving thirty-seven columns for news and editorial matter. The stormy weather of yesterday did not prevent the advertising public from crowding our business offices throughout the entire day and until nine at night, showing that advertising is becoming more and more a necessity not to be interfered with by the elements. Time was, and not so long ago, when a heavy shower would keep the advertiser within doors. He would rather be a day later with his proclamation to the million than face the raindrops, the hailstones and the snowflakes. But we have changed all that, and the citizen who wishes to reach the public on Sunday with his business announcement would no more think of deferring his visit to the HERALD office until the day following than our correspondent at the lava beds would think of going to sleep after a day's battle without first writing his despatch and seeing the courier on his way to the nearest telegraph wire. The advertiser's anxiety to reach the public at the earliest day through the HERALD is a logical sequence to the anxiety with which the HERALD is imbued to give the public the earliest news. Our success in this respect is the advertiser's opportunity; and, as these eighty-three columns will tell, he improves it with the keen perception of future benefit which characterizes our enterprising and emulative business community. The advertising columns of the independent journal are superseding all other means of commercial intercommunication for the purpose of making known wants or wares. From the HERALD's advertising columns to-day to the "mart" where, of old, merchant met trader to find out by word of mouth what one wanted to buy and the other had to sell is a long step.

The World's Fair—The American Commissioners.

The Austrian Vice Consul at this port writes to the HERALD in reference to the statement in our special despatch from Vienna which describes the backwardness of the Exposition building at that city. His information on the matter is by mail, and not, therefore, so late as ours. He directly contradicts the statement, certainly not made by us, that the grand opening ceremony will be postponed. His information regarding the prices of accommodation at the Austrian capital will be found interesting.

Our special despatch to-day touches on a point which, we think, if true, is more disgraceful to America than anything we have heard for a long time. It is to the effect that many of the United States Commissioners have obtained their places by purchase. The reason given, too, is one which makes the offence rank among the most contemptible in the eyes of Americans—namely, that snobbery which would induce a man to obtain a position by fraud in which his incompetence would be ridiculously manifest to accomplished foreigners, and all for the sake of the "official character." This official character, it may be mentioned, includes free admission to the Exposition building, a good place at all the ceremonial for self and family, covers at international breakfasts, dinners and suppers, one's name in the papers and numberless other little privileges. There are, doubtless, many of the rich vulgar who would aspire to such a place, and at such a price as from two thousand to six thousand dollars many would think it cheap. The man who buys his commission is not fit for decent society, but those who sell the place are unworthy of toleration in a self-respecting community. We wish to see this matter investigated, as, in its present aspect, it places America in a very disgraceful light

before the world of intellect, of which we think a great deal more than we do of the world of show.

Another Railroad Slaughter.

The wholesale slaughter at Richmond switch yesterday morning has brought sudden bereavement into scores of families and adds another to the sad memories which will rise unbidden in the mind of the traveller as he seats himself in a railway car. Fourteen miles east of Stonington, on the route to Providence, the Shore Line Railroad crosses Pawcatuck River, the boundary between Connecticut and Rhode Island. The bridge was a short one, without a draw. It must also have been without a watchman. At eleven o'clock on Friday night a train crossed it coming west. After this time a milldam on the stream above the crossing was swept away by the unusual torrent of the Spring freshet. The rush of water escaping from the pond undermined the railway bridge and carried it away, leaving a yawning chasm, soon to be the common grave of an uncounted multitude. At half-past two Saturday morning the steamboat train left Stonington, taking the passengers from New York by the evening steamer, whose number was increased by the fact that the boats of the Bristol and Fall River lines did not make their usual trips. One hundred and fifty persons considered themselves safe in this train rushing towards disaster, death and maiming at the speed of thirty-five miles an hour. Twenty minutes brought them to a halt—many of them to the end of life's journey. Without a word or sign of warning the engine, under full pressure of steam, and with the momentum of the train's weight, jumped clear across the stream, wrecking itself on the eastern bank, while the cars crashed the one into and upon the other, and at once took fire. Only the smoking car escaped, remaining on the western bank. In the mass of wreck men were drowned, crushed and burned. Mangled and hardly recognizable as human beings, some eight or ten bodies have been recovered. Probably the fatality will reach double that number. The injured are estimated at forty to fifty. Only the addition of freezing to the deadly horrors is lacking to complete the parallel with the ghastly scene of two years ago at New Hamburg. In the twinkling of an eye death closed the account of these men, till then full of life, courage and hopeful anticipation.

Our despatches assure us that this wholesale, sudden and needless slaughter resulted from no negligence; that the company is fully exonerated from all blame. Hundreds of the bereaved will traverse this assertion. Perhaps the public, too, which supports railroad corporations, will side with the victims. No railroad track is safe for the transit of fast and heavy trains unless it is thoroughly and constantly watched. This company took it for granted that this bridge was safe. All bridges are till they fail. Every stream is swollen during Spring from rains and melting snow, and shore roads, like the Stonington and Providence, cross rivers and creeks in almost every mile. Yet this company had no watch at this dangerous place, where there seems to be a switch, nor any telegraph station nearer than Stonington. The wages of a watchman at the Pawcatuck would have saved a score of lives. Possibly this company will find itself much the poorer for omitting the precaution of thoroughly watching its line, and especially, in Spring, its bridges. When all railroad companies shall act upon the rule that every rod of their lines need inspection between the transit of each train, and that "danger" is to be assumed unless the signals announce "all right," then there will be a large reduction of these too common "accidents," for which the public is asked in charity to believe there is "no fault or neglect of the company."

Making Short Work with the Murderers.

It is but a few days ago since Foster paid the penalty of murder in this city, and now Fralich has also suffered on the gallows at Syracuse. All the efforts to save them—and extraordinary efforts were made in the case of Foster—proved unavailing. The Governor has firmly resisted all appeals. Yet at other times, or a short time ago, perhaps, neither of these men would have been hanged, for there were peculiar circumstances connected with the killing in both cases. Why is it, then, that the law, the Governor, juries and the public are so inexorable? The answer is on the tongue of every one. Murders and other crimes of violence have been so frequent of late, and so many of the criminals have escaped the full penalty for their bloody deeds, that the public has become alarmed. Every one feels that society must be protected, and hence the demand for punishment that will prove a terrible example. Judges, juries and the Executive are only carrying out the will of a jeopardized community. Let us hope these executions may strike terror into the hearts of murderers and those who carry deadly weapons to take the law in their own hands. Society must be protected at any cost.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS OF GREAT BRITAIN for 1872 show that only six per cent of the working population are employed in tillage and husbandry. These number two millions. Neither the land tiller nor the labor expended are adequate to furnish food for the dense population of the island. Hence the already large and rapidly increasing trade in American food products must continue, and promises to equalize in time the value of the manufactured articles with which British mines and manufactories supply the sovereigns of Yankeeedom. Besides our breadstuffs, hams, beef and pork, England now eats large quantities of preserved fresh meat from Australia. No doubt proper enterprise could substitute the flesh of our fine Texas cattle for the produce of the far-away antipodes, to the mutual advantage of consumers and graziers.

THE DUTCH WAR IN THE EAST.—Holland is now beginning to find out the inconvenience of her foreign possessions. Sumatra has long been a source of wealth to the Netherlands. Sumatra, however, is far away, and, in these days of great navies and large armies, Holland cannot hope to hold on to far distant territory. The Acheenese are giving the Dutch so much trouble that it will not be wonderful if the government at the Hague should be induced to part with it altogether. In such an event the whole island must fall into the hands of Great Britain or Germany, India and Australia are equally interested in the possession of Sumatra.

The Spirit of Our Religious Contemporaries in Regard to the Modoc Atrocities and Other Matters.

The tragical occurrences in the lava beds of Oregon constitute the chief topic of consideration among some of the most prominent of our religious contemporaries this week. It will be seen that different views are expressed in regard to the proper treatment of the savages and the mode to be adopted for bringing them to a realizing sense and appreciation of the benefits of civilization.

The Evangelist believes it may be a stern necessity that every warrior who has taken part in this contest should be punished with death; but it does not advocate indiscriminate slaughter. The danger of the moment is that in the fury and frenzy wrought by such a deed the clamor for an indiscriminate and murderous revenge will be yielded to by those in command. The Evangelist does not think this is justice or reason, and makes the following timely suggestion:—

One thing must not be forgotten—that there is a class of men on the border who are interested in stirring up Indian wars—traders, who have all their lives been selling gunpowder and whiskey and shoddy blankets, cheating the natives, and who see in every Indian war a chance for fat contracts and for all sorts of petty swindling by the sutlers who hang around the camps. These men, of course, will make the most of every Indian outbreak, and will lead to the spending of millions in campaigns this summer.

Our Presbyterian contemporary trusts the government will know how to deal with these bad white men as well as with the murderous red men. And if it does know, it might be added, let it promptly make practical use of its knowledge.

The Observer regards the act of Captain Jack and his Modocs as the heaviest blow that has befallen the cause of Indian civilization in the present century:—

It is in vain, says the editor, that we put in a plea for the Modocs, that they have been betrayed and wronged by the white men, until they have lost faith in the intentions of the government; that they have the Commissioner, though bringing terms of peace, and in destroying them were revenging their own wrongs, many and grievous. The butchery is unpardonable in the eyes of men, and they deserve to be punished with death who have done this dastardly deed.

The Observer thinks that the troops of General Canby should have been so near as to render treachery impossible without instant punishment. The trouble has been to get near enough to these Modocs in their lava caverns to make any kind of punishment possible.

The Golden Age avers that the massacre of such a man as General Canby "rouses the heart of the Northwest, and will be atoned for with a fearful vengeance on the Modoc tribe."

The Liberal Christian is inclined to the opinion that the feeling of the public, so far as the daily press expresses it, is more satisfactory than it feared it would be under the horror excited by the frightful treachery and vindictive violence of the Modoc chief. Most agree that the tribe itself—if a handful of less than a hundred men deserves the name—must be severely punished.

But the editor continues:—There is some proper sense of the injustice and folly of changing our recent peace policy towards the Indians, who have been the victims of the treachery and hatred of a few exasperated and degraded specimens of the aboriginal people of this Continent.

The same writer does not doubt that if the "noble Canby, a Christian gentleman and a humane soldier, could have spoken after he was shot, he would have said, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' " If he means the "Great Father" of the savages, Captain Jack included—we mean President Grant, and we say it without irreverence—we are rather inclined to think the editor of the Liberal Christian will be disappointed. President Grant, instead of forgiving the red villains, has issued directions to give them brimstone and saltpetre.

The Independent affirms that "the blood of General Canby, of Dr. Thomas and of Mr. Meacham shall not be to us an incentive to vengeance; but, like that of Bishop Pattison, last year, in the Tonga Islands, shall open our eyes wider to the abuses practised upon these savages and stir our zeal for their civilization." The zeal of Uncle Sam's troops is just about this time exceedingly well stirred in regard to the Modocs, but more for the purpose of "scalp-hunting" than civilizing them.

Touching the subject of revivals the Baptist Weekly does not agree with the statement of a pastor writing to a religious journal, in which he says, "The revival here seems to have about spent its force." The editor says he has heard of "spent balls," and of storms whose fury was "spent," but a "spent revival" is a novelty, and the idea it conveys to the mind is unwelcome. Says the Weekly:—

A perpetual revival is a misnomer, but where a revival has been enjoyed the conversion of the force is exhausted is one that Christians ought not to make. They ought to feel they cannot recede from the position that they have reached, and that those who have been added to them are to be kept in the aggressive force of the Church, as that if shall wield a greater power against the kingdom of evil.

The Freeman's Journal rejoices over the change for the better in the health of the Pope, criticises Professor J. W. Draper as an "authority" for an historical assertion, shows how "Dominus" is to be translated, and treats learnedly upon other subjects.

The Catholic Review enlarges upon "Ultra-montanism," "Freedom in a Bismarckian sense," and gives its usual summary of foreign ecclesiastical intelligence.

The Christian Leader explains all about "Rum's Part in Murder," and declares "that strikes are, at the best, clumsy and wasteful methods of redressing grievances."

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

George Wilkes is in Paris.  
Professor B. Stillman, of Yale College, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.  
Judge W. A. Lincoln, of Washington, is at the Grand Central Hotel.  
Colonel Washington Lee, of Wilkesbarre, is staying at the Hoffman House.  
Ex-Congressman F. E. Woodbridge, of Vermont, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.  
Ex-Governor Clifford, of Massachusetts, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening.  
President J. F. Roy, of the Michigan Central Railroad, has arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel.  
Captain Victor Marlow, of the British army, is among the recent arrivals at the Hoffman House.  
Count Von Flato, of Germany, who arrived yesterday from Havana on the steamship City of Merida, is now at the New York Hotel.  
The Russian Consul General, W. Bodisco, is staying at the Clarendon Hotel, and the Consul General of Colombia, Don Miguel Salgar, at the Everett House.  
Among the passengers to the Panama Isthmus from England per steamer Elbe was the following party, en route to California, where they intend settling:—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner, family and servants; Captain Jacobs, Royal Navy; Mr. Arthur H. Buttner.  
Hon. Joseph Howe left Ottawa yesterday on a visit to his friends in Boston previous to his assuming the Governorship of Nova Scotia, to which he has been appointed. He was accompanied to the train by a large number of members of Parliament of both political parties.  
Susan B. Anthony is likely to prove too much for the United States District Attorney at Rochester. "Is it a crime for a United States citizen to vote?" is what she is asking of the people of every town and village in Monroe county, and the District Attorney wrathfully asserts that, as he will be unable to get an impartial jury for her trial on May 13, he must move Susan's case into another county. Susan courts the change. She will continue stumping until the official himself is a convert.

THE POPE.

Canadian Report of the Pontiff's Death.  
OTTAWA, Ontario, April 19, 1873.  
A private despatch has been received here to-day saying that the Pope died on Monday last, but that the fact has been kept secret to avoid public agitation respecting his successor until the matter shall have been decided in Rome.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

There is a rumor that the new theatre in Fourteenth street, which was built under the direction of Mr. Charles Fechter, is to be managed next season by Mr. W. F. Florence, and that the latter's departure for Europe was hastened in consequence of an arrangement with Mr. Duncan.

Mrs. John Wood takes her benefit at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening, appearing in "The Happy Pair," as well as in the delineation of Peach Blossom, in "Under the Galleys." Although Mrs. Wood has long been a favorite on the New York stage, her powers as a burlesque actress have not suffered by years, and she never played a more brilliant engagement in this city than the one which is about to expire. Her Sarah Trappiebot was especially noteworthy for its rare discrimination of what was due to truth, in a picture which was at the same time an exquisite portraiture of M. Sardou's ideal.

Mr. Boucault's "Daddy O'Dowd" has been withdrawn from Booth's, and to-morrow evening "Arrah Na Pogue" and "Kerry" will be produced. These delightful Irish dramas, and especially Mr. Boucault's own delineations of Michael O'Dowd and of Kerry, will be long remembered for their purity and pathos. Though "Kerry" is only what Mr. Boucault sometimes calls it—"a cabinet picture"—it is one of those delightful bits which can be seen again and again with renewed pleasure. The artist's picture of the faithful and affectionate old servant will remain in the memory for years and years, and we cannot doubt that many old gentlemen and ladies, young men and maidens now, will say to the next generation, "You should have seen Mr. Boucault play Kerry."

Next week the new pantomime, "Azarah, or the Magic Charm," will be produced at Niblo's with, as has already been announced, Mofft and Bartholomew as Olo and Pantaloon. But outside of the pantomime the attraction is expected to be found in Lulu, known to fame simply as "Lulu the Sensationalist." Lulu is the beautiful, graceful and fearless. Lulu is the eighth wonder of the world. She was born at Orkotsk, on the Danube, in 1854, but that is so far away that nobody is certain whether Lulu is a boy or a girl, but this, we might assume, would make no difference, considering that she speaks five European languages fluently and springs at a single bound thirty feet into the air. Yet we are assured by a leading London newspaper that it does make a difference, and that when Lulu performs her great feat that "society is moved by surrounding considerations," and that consequently it is an important question whether Lulu is a beautiful girl, with the strength and agility of a boy, or an exceptional boy, with the rosy freshness of a girl. Under all these circumstances there is no help for it, and everybody, we presume, will go to see Lulu, because society is moved by surrounding considerations.

The fifth edition of "Humpty Dumpty" is announced for publication to-morrow evening. The pantomime is entirely new, with the exception of Humpty Dumpty himself, and he is ever new. The new pantomime is extremely local in scenery and familiar in action. It opens with a conference between Burlesque (Miss Marion Fiske) and Romance (Miss Rosa St. Clair), in which the great career of H. D. is foreshadowed and everybody prepared for his transformation by the Spirit of Good or some other spirit. If Humpty turns out to be a bad egg afterwards and gets himself into peck of troubles it is to be attributed more to Harlequin than to his own evil nature. Besides, all good people who read their story books and their Bibles know that Humpty Dumpty, like Adam, had a "fall." The "variety business" is to include, among other specialties, the Wilsons, the Joe brothers, the Nelson family and Mrs. C. V. Winterburn, who is to sing a number of simple ballads. The new edition promises to be both revised and improved, with illustrations by Fox engraved on the old frontispiece.

There will be no change at Wallack's this week, "David Garrick" and "Dundreary" continuing to draw large houses; "Under the Galleys" is in its last week at the Grand Opera House; "Prou-Frou" still pleases, as a matter of course, at the Union Square Theatre; "Divorce" brings large houses to the Fifth Avenue, and the Vokes family finish their engagement at Niblo's. At the last-named theatre Mr. George Fawcett Rowe and Mr. Mackay appear in the sketch of "Micawber" in addition to the Vokes attractions.

A correspondent sends us the following information, which he says will have interest for Southerners:—

An English comedian—an "eccentric" (very comedian)—has finally decided on retiring from the stage, and, in reply to a telegram from the English government, has accepted the position of head detective in the secret service! "What will he do next?" Boniface "Second Year" knows his own business best, but outsiders naturally wonder what can be the object of such an appointment. There is a rumor that through the information of the peculiar comedian the Bank of England forgeries have been traced. But why not let well alone? An insane practical joker nearly seems the precise man to select as the chief detective of England.

In an artistic point of view the festival of music which will be inaugurated by Mr. Theodore Thomas at Steinway Hall on Tuesday next is of far greater importance than a dozen Panjandrums of the Boston type. The programmes for the five performances comprise the highest standard works in oratorio and symphony. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is almost as great a favorite here as the "Messiah," and it never yet failed to attract crowded houses in this city. It is selected for the opening of the festival. On Wednesday afternoon there will be a grand public rehearsal, and in the evening a second oratorio performance, consisting of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and of Brahms' and Wagner's "Hansel and Gretel." The "Columbia" chorus of choral works, "Elijah" will be repeated for the benefit of the Brooklyn people on Thursday evening. On Friday afternoon there will be a public rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the *ultima* *thule* of orchestral writing, and in the evening a miscellaneous concert will be given. Rubenstein, Mills and Mason will, on this occasion, play Bach's concerto for three pianos. A new overture to "Tannhauser" (MS.) will be performed by the orchestra. Two grand concerts take place on Saturday, the festival closing appropriately with the Choral Symphony. To do these great works ample justice Mr. Thomas has secured the best elements that this country can afford and it is doubtful whether they can be surpassed in Europe. Besides his own incomparable orchestra he has the Handel and Haydn Vocal Society of Boston, five hundred voices; Rubenstein, Wieniawski, Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano; Mrs. J. Houston Todd, soprano; Miss Cary, alto; Mr. Nelson Taylor, tenor; Mr. Whitney, basso, and Mr. Rudolphson, baritone. Such a festival is calculated to do great service in furthering the progress of true art in this city and checking the power of humbug and trashy sensationalism.

Euphemia Purver, of Edinburgh, used Alexander Fraser for 57 lbs. 7½d. for shirts, cravats, underwear, socks, &c. They had been several years engaged lovers. He, a shoemaker, had only given her a pair of boots and half a dozen kippered herrings. Late she found him inconstant, and removed the suit from a court of love to one of law, where she got a verdict for the bulk of her claim. Evidently Alexander lost a fortune in neglecting to secure the willing hand of the thrifty Euphemia.